SISTERS' DEPARTMENT.

Fault-Finding.

There are certain rocks on which home happiness, if it strike, is very likely to split. One of these is fault-finding. The habit of grumbling is fatal to family peace, and, if indulged in habitually by any single member of a household, is sure to disturb the harmony of all the rest. Like most bad habits, this is formed insensibly, and many inveterate and fretful fault-finders are so unconscious of their besetting sin that in their own eyes they are models of amiability. 'If,' they say, 'so and so were done, or undone, we would never complain, but'—

Alas! in most houses there are 'ifs' and 'buts.' The most delightful and lovable people are only human after all, and have their nervous days and their forgetful days and their days of being generally out of sorts and blue. Very many people have their sharp points, which must be avoided, and their weak places, which are getting in the way; and in fact there are very few of us who have not somewhere a spot where it would be quite safe to erect such a warning-post as in winter stands at intervals on the skating-pond, 'Danger here!' To live with people in the familiarity and complete unreserve of domestic life, and to live so gently and pleasantly that no one's foibles are made manifest, no one's feelings wounded, and no one's personality unjustly invaded, implies tact, unselfishness and almost saintly patience on the part of all concerned. There are homes where love is so completely the motive power, and courtesy so unfailingly the custom, that a ripple of trouble rarely disturbs their calm. Unfortunately, such homes are not in the majority. In far too many houses there are often undignified and unnecessary scenes at breakfast, dinner and tea, which are not quite quarrels, but which are probably worse in their effects.

'But there are legitimate occasions for fault-finding, are there not?' inquires somebody. Very likely, and when such arise meet them, as it is the best way to meet every difficulty in life, fairly, squarely, and bravely. Say the act is wrong in plain words, and have done with it. It is one thing to reprimand or reprove where reproof or rebuke is a duty; it is quite another to keep up a scattering fire of small shot in the way of sarcasm, innuendo, and complaint for half a day at a time.

The true remedy, in nine cases out of ten, when circumstances are contrary, is to accept the situation. 'Beware of desperate steps—the darkest day, live till to-morrow, will have passed away.' The most aggravating servant, the most provoking neighbor, and the most willful child are not proof against serene self-control and generous kindness; while fault-finding sows seeds that comes up in a harvest of new antagonisms. Accept the situation, whatever it is, with courage and cheerfulness, and remember that neither nerves, temper, carving-knives, nor coffee, were ever in the slightest degree improved by scolding.—Mrs. Sangster, in Chr. Intelligencer.

Honor Thy Father and Mother.

Many a boy and girl becomes restive and impatient under the restraint of home, and longs to be free from the control of parents. We want to whisper a few words in the ears of such. Rest assured that no one else on earth loves you so well as a kind father and mother; no one else is so deeply interested in your highest good; no other is so willing to sacrifice for you or in any reasonable way contribute to your happiness. This will all be very apparent to you later on in life, if it is not now; and if you disregard their kindly advice and good counsel, there will be keen self-reproach and bitter regrets when you are older.

Many a youn man, when he stands by the coffin of father or mother, would gladly give all he possesses if he had heeded the counsel of that loving heart now cold in death. The young person who is impatient of home restraints, and is inclined to treat lightly the solicitude of father and mother, will, if he gives way to these inclinations, sometime reap sad reflections and bitter memories. The young man who early learns to yield the gratifications of his own desires to the maturer judgment and wiser counsel of his parents, will rejoice in future that he listened to the better promptings of his nature instead of giving way to the lower and the selfish.—Selected.

"In The Morning Sow Thy Seed."

At the recent annual convention of the Hilsdale, Mich. County Sunday-school Association, where about three hundred people were present, an interested worker called for the answers to the following questions: 1. How many of the audience were converted to Christ by influences brought to bear before the age of twelve years? 2. How many between the the ages of twelve and twenty? 3. How many between the ages of twenty and forty? 4. How many between the ages forty and sixty? Each class was requested to rise and stand long enough to be counted.

The result was as follows Ninety-eight arose in the first class; forty-one in the second; thirteen in the third, and only two in the last, while nearly one-half of the audience did not rise. It is needless to say, that a thrill passed through the hearts of the Sabbath-school workers; that present and strong resolves were made to be more faithful to their heaven-born work, as they saw this living demonstration of those words of God. "They that seek me early shall find me."

In the light of such facts, how suggestive, to mother and father, to pastor and teacher alike, are those words of divine love and wisdom: "Seek the Lord while he may be found, call upon while e is near."—Arthur Haynes, in Morning Star.

A Blind Man's Prayer.

Some blind men see more clearly than others who have eyes. W. H. Milburn, the blind preacher, when chaplain of the U. S. House of Representatives, once offered the following appropriate prayer in the presence of the assembled legislators.

"We beseech thee, Almighty God, help the people of this country to learn that money gained otherwise than as thou commandest—by the sweat of the face, as the fair and honest wage of honorable, manly work of brain or hand—is gained by theft, no matter how we name the sterling; that money is never converted into wealth unless it ceases to be the pander of our lusts and lifts us above the level of the animal, lifting us to the graces of life, elevating our hearts to manly aspirations, making us kindly with our kind, patient to God's law, and reverent to ourselves.

"Rid the land, we beseech thee, of all gamesters, whether they gamble with dice or chips or cards, or with wheat or stocks or corn or cotton. Deliver us from the influence and power of robbers who, enticing their victims to boards of trade stock exchanges and bucket shopes, name their practices of plunder 'shearing the lambs'.

Enlighten our intelligence with thy truth; sweeten and deepen our humanity with thy love; quicken our piety with thy Spirit; and may Jesus Christ become more and more the Master and Ruler of our lives and characters and thoughts. We pray through his hallowed name. Amen.—

Appreciation of Mother.

An old Virginia minister said lately. "Men of my profession see much of the tragic side of life. I have seen men die in battle, have seen children die, but no death ever seemed so pathetic to me as the death of an aged mother in my church. I knew her first as a young girl, beautiful, gay, full of joy and hope. She married and had four children. Her husband died and left her penniless. She sewed, she made drawings, she taught, she gave herself scarcely time to eat or sleep. Every thought was for her children, to educate them, to give them the advantages their father would have given them had he lived. She succeeded. She sent her boys to college, and her girls to school. When all came home they gave themselves up to their own selfish pursuits. She lingered among them some three years, and then was stricken down with mortal illness brought on by overwork. The children gathered around her bedside. The oldest son took her in his arms. He said, 'You have been a good mother to us.' That was not much to say, was it? It was much to her, who had never heard anything like it. A flush came over her pallid face, and with a husky voice she whispered, "My son, you never said so before."

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The California *Censor* adds one to many facts deserving the attention of high-license agitators. During the last two years of low license in Los Angeles, the number of arrests for drunkenness was 2,471 the first year and 3,214 the second. The license fee was then raised from $52 to $600. The first year thereafter the number of arrests for drunkenness rose to 5,194 and the second year to 5,994.

The annual conference of the New York State Republican Anti-Saloon League was held at Albany, N. Y., Jan. 30 and 31.

"Who did you say is to be the next President?" "Oh! I don't know and don't care. I'm not looking for Presidents—I'm hunting for a pain-remedy." "Ah you've only to ask at the next corner for Salvation Oil, it kills pain every time."

The *People's Health Journal* is responsible for the suggestion that the supposed benefit derived from smoking after meals comes in reality from the repose taken by the smoker, and not from the pernicious indulgence.

The Rev. Mead Holmes, of Rockford, Ill., the member of the council whose vote determined the present no license status of the city has been threatened with violence by the White Caps, and an ignited bomb was placed on his stoop by the liquor men.

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for which I believe it to be the greatest medicine in the world."—James Miller, Caraway, N. C.

"My wife had a distressing cough, with pains in the side and breast. We tried various medicines, but none did her any good until I got a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral which has cured her. A neighbor, Mrs. Glenn, had the measles, and the cough was relieved by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have no hesitation in recommending this medicine."—Robert Horton, Foreman *Headlight*, Morrillton, Ark.

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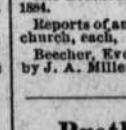

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